

Conscience. Yet she did not put me out of
 conceit with the
 old school. I saw " Les Precieuses Ridicules "
 finely done,
 and I said to myself then, as I have often
 said since :
 " Old school—new school ? What does it
 matter which,
 so long as it is *good enough* ? "

Madame Favart I knew personally, and she
 gave me
 many useful hints. One was never to black
 my eyes
underneath when "making up." She pointed
 out that
 although this was necessary when the stage
 was lighted
 entirely from beneath, it had become ugly and
 meaningless
 since the introduction of top-lights.

The friend who took me everywhere in Paris
 landed me
 one night in the dressing-room of a singer. I
 remember
 it because I heard her complain to a man of
 some injustice.
 She had not got some engagement that she
 had expected.

" It serves you damn right! " he
 answered. " You
 can't sing a bit." For the first time I
 seemed to
 realise how brutal it was of a man to speak
 to a woman
 like that, and I *hated* it.

Long afterwards, in the same city, I saw a
 man sitting
 calmly in a *fiacre*, a man of the
 "gentlemanly " class,
 and ordering the *cocher* to drive on,
 although a woman
 was clinging to the side of the carriage
 and refusing
 to let go. She was a strong, splendid
 creature of the
 peasant type,, bareheaded, with a fine open
 brow, and she
 was obviously consumed by resentment of
 some injustice
 —mad with" it. She was dragged along in
 one of the
 busiest streets in Paris' little
 Frenchman sitting there
 smiling, easy. How she escaped death I

don't know.
Then he became conscious that people were
looking, and
he stopped the cab and let her get in. Oh,
men !

Paris ! Paris ! Young as I was, I fell under
the spell
of your elegance, your cleanness, your well-
designed
streets, your nonchalant gaiety. I drank coffee
at Tortoni's.